don't hold your breath (i'm not gonna suck your dick)

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by Zayrastriel

Summary

Will doesn't like gender constructs. Hannibal likes Will.

Series summary: Will Graham has no time for social constructs, no matter how grounded in biology they are. Hannibal approves, disapproves, and is occasionally exactly the same. (A set of unlinked oneshots.)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will's essay is one of two that aren't handed back at the end of class, meaning that he and Alana are left to linger behind, casting nervous glances at each other as Dr. Lecter gathers together his notes from the lecture. It's the last class of the semester, and so as the other students pass Will and Alana, a couple of them offer her a hug – tell her there will be a drink waiting for her when she gets to the bar.

No one hugs Will, or promises him a drink. It doesn't hurt, but it does send the slightest pang of envy through him.

Alana drops her head onto Will's shoulder, groaning dramatically. "I knew I failed," Alana mutters into his worn shirt, and he feels both grateful and irritated that she can read his loneliness so well.

"You failed, and the Soviet Union won the Cold War," Will mutters back. It's true. If Alana failed, then the rest of the class shouldn't even have been marked. She had sent her essay to Will a week before it was due, fretting about what she referred to as a *muddled mess* in the email subject line. In the end, Will had found a total of two misplaced commas.

No, Alana didn't fail; but Will almost certainly has. In the end, he'd scrounged up the bare minimum of six references for his paper – a paper that is less an essay and more a frenetic rant, that tears apart the question with about as much as finesse as a rhinoceros on an ice-rink.

"Biology never lies: the ultimate purpose of the omega is to be mated by an alpha. Everything about their physiology and psychology indicates just that."

Evaluate the extent to which the above quote (Republican senator Frederick Chilton, March 2015) may be considered a valid statement.

It's a question that deserves to be torn apart, in the same way that fucking Chilton deserves the same.

(And that, Will thought somewhat smugly as he fumed over his paper, must put paid to the idea that omegas were supposed to be non-violent.)

Of course, he probably shouldn't have chosen that question; shouldn't have risen to the bait. Lecter had likely listed it for just that reason; to provoke students to analytical sloppiness and grammatical ineptitude. It isn't that Lecter is a cruel teacher; quite the opposite, in fact. He is ever-ready to walk students through more difficult psychological concepts, and to deconstruct sexuality for the more conservative students with a patience that makes Will want to scream.

There are other things about Lecter that might drive Will to screams, but he is used to *not* thinking about those in this room…

"Alana, William."

Dr. Lecter's voice, smooth and only slightly accented, is quiet; but Will still startles, flinching back instinctively from the older man's approach. Alana, who never zones out the way Will

can't help but do, casts him a slightly concerned look that he waves away.

"Apologies - I did not mean to startle you, William," Lecter offers with a slight, apologetic smile. It's less an actual smile than a slight crinkle around the eyes; he's amused, then.

Will barely keeps from bristling, instead fixing his eyes on a point just beyond Lecter's shoulder and returning the smile with what feels more like a grimace. "I wasn't startled, Doctor."

Lecter frowns. "Please, William; you know that you may use my name."

Yeah, well maybe I want to exercise my civil rights and call you whatever the hell I wish, Will thinks on instinct, though he feels ashamed almost immediately.

"Sorry, I'd forgotten."

It's a lie, of course. The reason Will can't bring himself to call the Doctor by his first name (and *Hannibal*? What an outdated name) has too much to do with socialisation, no matter how he despises it. Omegas from small-town Louisiana calling anyone but other omegas by their first names? Blasphemy. Will is already the living embodiment of challenging gender roles, but it gets tiring.

Fuck socialisation, but this is a point he thinks he can concede.

Lecter doesn't seem convinced by Will's apology, but he doesn't seem to linger on it either. Instead he turns to Alana while flicking through the few papers still left over from the class. Five absentees means that Alana is number 6.

"Brilliant work, Alana," Dr. Lecter says with unusually sincere warmth in his voice, handing over the paper. With a blush, Alana takes it, flicking quickly to the mark sheet.

A gasp escapes her lips, quickly muffled by embarrassment. "Thank you, Hannibal, this is just – thank you."

Lecter smiles. "Exceptional work merits exceptional marks."

Will would be happy for her – he is, actually – but he's too distracted by the knot of nerves that's twisting in his gut. Alana's was the bottom paper; which means that Will's work isn't there. He needs this course, *needs* it; especially if he wants to graduate this semester.

"Dr- Hannibal," Will corrects himself at barely the last minute, "would you happen to have…?"

"Ah, yes."

The question doesn't seem to perturb Lecter; indeed, his smile grows, the corners of his eyes crinkling as if in response to some private joke. "I wouldn't wish to make you late, Alana, but I would like to speak to Will in private about his paper."

Alana hesitates, some of the euphoria fading from her expression.

Will sighs. "You go ahead," he tells her. "I'll come when I'm done here."

For a moment she lingers, eyes narrowed as though she's trying to read something in his expression. "Alright," she says, a little too dubiously. "Thanks again, Hannibal," she adds, before heading to the exit.

Though they are alone, Lecter remains silent till Alana's footsteps have receded down the corridor. And even then, he stays silent. Instead, he merely gazes at Will; eyes steady and unfathomable. Will wants to outstare him, but where most eyes tell too much, it's the stillness in Lecter's that has Will looking away.

"You wanted to talk about my essay?" he asks, more to break the silence than anything else.

Finally, finally, Doctor Lecter looks away. "Yes," he says. "It was an interesting piece, Will."

Interesting. "That's one word for it, I suppose," Will mutters. He wonders, with a sudden stab of fear, if Lecter is going to report him for hate speech or something. The essay was controversial, but he hadn't thought Lecter would be the sort to indulge in censorship.

Why did I write that? Will asks himself, *why, why? Is a stupid rant worth throwing away all this work, getting sent back to the South, to a fucking hole in Louisiana, fucking an alpha so I won't be…*

"Please don't report me," he whimpers, head turned away. His breathing is ragged, and the beginnings of a panic attack are starting to fire through his veins, pins pricking at his brain-

"William, please," Lecter says with a note of alarm, and Will can't help but shy away as the man approaches. "Calm down, Will. I have no intention of reporting you."

A hand lands on his shoulder and squeezes, but gently; supportive rather than restrictive. The warmth is comforting, particularly when Lecter relaxes his grip before squeezing slightly again; a steady, hypnotic rhythm that Will focuses on as the panic recedes and his breathing evens out.

Clearly encouraged by Will's neutral response, Lecter moves his other hand to rest two fingers against Will's neck, just over his pulse. "Better?" he asks. His tone is gentle, soothing, as though he's talking to a wild animal.

(It's a comparison that Will's familiar with.)

Yes, though as his panic ebbs it's replaced by a roiling embarrassment.

"Sorry."

He tries to step away but Lecter's grip on his shoulder tightens, just enough for him to understand that the alpha wants him right where he is. Right where he is – faces barely a foot away from each other, Lecter's fingers still on Will's neck. It's too intimate, not just for Will but for any omega and any alpha.

“Doctor-“

“Hannibal,” Lecter says firmly. “Why do you insist on formalities, Will?”

Will shrugs – another, albeit half-hearted, attempt to move Lecter’s hand. “Raised to be polite, I suppose,” he responds, as curtly as he can.

“Ah yes.” Lecter’s tone is calm, which makes his next words all the more biting. “Raised to be the perfect omega bitch, yes? To take it on your knees, bloodied and bruised, and thank your alpha when he leaves you soiled and dirty on the ground?”

For a long moment, Will simply stares at the man – no words on his tongue, his mind blank with shock, because whirling outrage crashes like a wave against Lecter’s precise accent and *bitch – dirty – perfect – take it*. Words he hates, in a voice he can’t get enough of.

“…Fuck,” Will finally gets out. “You,” he adds hurriedly, this isn’t affecting him, not at all.

“I will not bother to tell you that I consider you to be worth more than that - and,' he adds, evidently reading Will's expression, “that in no way implies that I consider any subsection of society to be relegated to such treatment by manner of birth.”

“...Really.” Will is allowing his monosyllabism to pass for the moment, if only because *subsection of society* sounds better than *bitch* and the good doctor is already indicating a far more nuanced understanding of Will than he's altogether comfortable with.

A smile crinkles the corners of Lecter’s eyes. “Perhaps,” and that is *not* a turn-on, not at all, when this man is his lecturer and an alpha and everything Will is escaping.

So he swallows down the almost-sickening pain. *Don’t hold your breath*, he thinks. *I’m not going to suck your dick*.

“Don’t hold your breath,” Will manages through gritted teeth…

…And it’s as though Lecter can read his mind, because he takes one step forward (Will can’t think clearly enough to back away, even) and –

Drops to his knees.

Drops to his knees and reaches for Will’s belt buckle.

What. The. *Fuck*.

Alphas don’t suck cock, Will’s first (and only) boyfriend had told him.

“Doctor Lecter-“

“William,” the older man interjects mildly, as he pulls down the zip of Will’s worn jeans. “I have wanted to fuck you since you walked into my classroom. I have wanted *you* since you were almost expelled.”

For punching a douchebag alpha who'd been harassing a tiny terrified omega girl, Will remembers through the haze of arousal, because Will has wanted Lecter to fuck *him* from the moment he read the man's research papers and realised that here, *finally*, might be an alpha who actually got it.

Lecter isn't finished, though, continuing as though he's commenting on the weather and not now tracing his fingers over Will's cock, still trapped by his cheap cotton briefs. "Now," he says, "I am going to suck your cock."

"Doctor Lecter-"

The other man cocks his head. "Is that a no?" he asks Will, and in the same breath yanks the briefs down with effortless force.

Will shakes his head so hard he's surprised there's no whiplash. " Doctor Lecter-"

"Hannibal."

"*Hannibal*. Alphas don't suck cock."

The doctor smiles, amused but thankfully devoid of mockery. "Gender roles are a social construct," he says.

Will can't really think of a good argument to that. With Hannibal's mouth that close to his dick, he honestly doesn't really want to. "Please," he instead says (doesn't beg, not at all.)

"Please what?"

He almost rolls his eyes, but then fingers tease up his length and he abandons the gesture in favour of a whimpered "please suck my cock, Doctor Lecter."

That gets him a warm exhale on the tip, over the pre-come welling from Will's hard dick – but nothing else.

"Please, Hannibal," he breathes. The psychiatrist's smile widens, triumph and a burning arousal in his gaze.

"Anything you wish," Hannibal says with an odd warmth that doesn't quite make sense.

…but then there's a warm wet mouth encasing Will's cock, and there's no sense at all.

"What about my paper?" Will asks some time later, when he's holding himself up by his (former) lecturer's warm arms and strong embrace.

Hannibal brushes his lips against Will's left ear. "Unfortunately, I neglected to bring it with me today," he murmurs. "My apologies."

Some sort of response relating to *fantastic blowjobs* and *adequate apologies* attempts to form in Will's mind – but then the older man's teeth scrape his skin and the letters fragment again.

“As long as you passed me,” Will mumbles.

“Allow me to make it up to you,” Hannibal continues, and for a moment Will thinks maybe the doctor hadn’t heard him. “Join me for dinner.”

It’s not a question, which should annoy Will. He’s got plans, after all. There’s a pile of books he’s been forced to neglect this semester, the bottle of frankly amazing scotch that Alana sprang on him last year. He’s spent an entire semester telling alpha assholes exactly why they should feel ethically and morally obliged to fuck off.

He should say *no*.

“As long as you pass me,” he says instead.

Lecter leans away as Will turns, to see the pleased curve of the doctor’s lips. “Oh, William,” the man practically *purrs*, and brushes against Will’s mouth, “I’m sure you’ll give me reason to.”

End Notes

And then Hannibal gives Will an A- because what he lacks in referencing he makes up for in meticulous structure, brilliant academic writing, and frankly fantastic sex.

Also, every single fic in this series is going to reference a Pussycat Dolls/Nicole Scherzinger song in the title. Because why not.

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